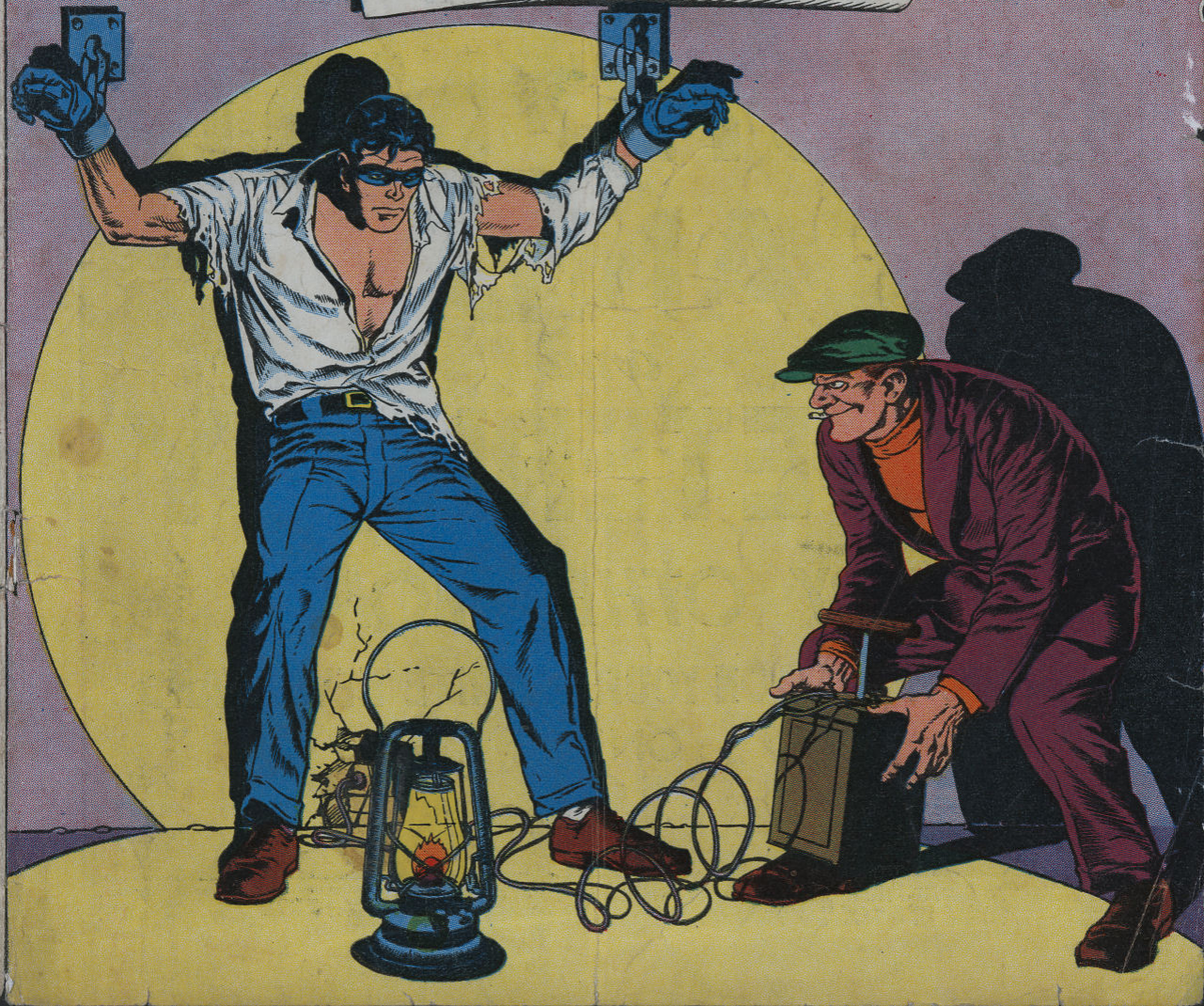
SPRING ISSUE No. 11

THE SPIRIT

10¢

AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME BUSTER!



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QUALITY

NOW GIVES YOU

BLACKHAWK
DOLL MAN
PLASTIC MAN
CANDY

and

KID ETERNITY

EVERY OTHER MONTH

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

ONLY
10¢

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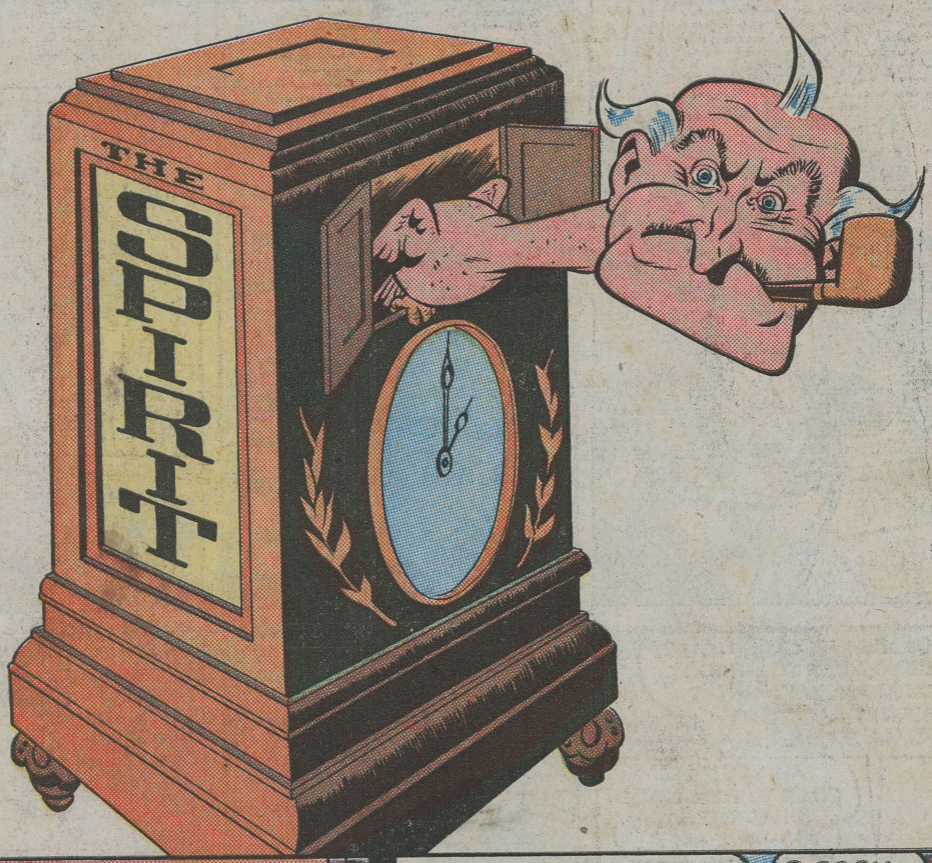
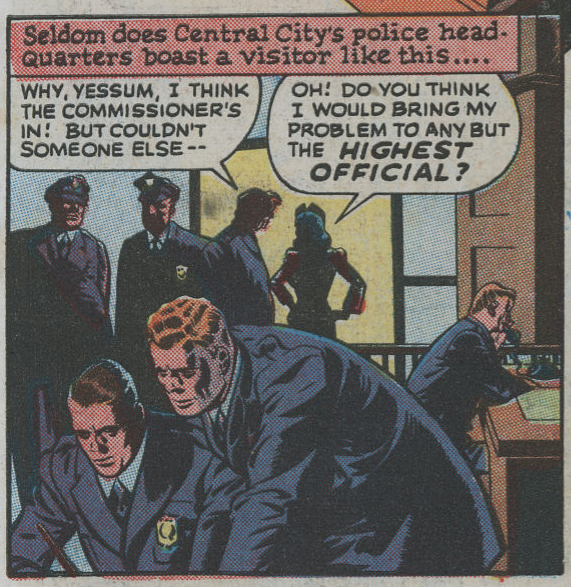

THE
SPIRIT


Seldom does Central City's police headquarters boast a visitor like this....
WHY, YESSUM, I THINK THE COMMISSIONER'S IN! BUT COULDN'T SOMEONE ELSE--
OH! DO YOU THINK I WOULD BRING MY PROBLEM TO ANY BUT THE HIGHEST OFFICIAL?

CONDUCT ME TO HIM! I AM LOLA LABELLE--THE YEAR'S GREATEST DRAMATIC STAR!
G-GOSH--- RIGHT THIS WAY, MISS LABELLE---

SOMEBODY KNOCKING, DOLAN!
DUCK BEHIND THE FILING CASE, SPIRIT! WHILE I GET RID OF 'EM!
LOLA LABELLE!
QUITE, COMMISSIONER DOLAN! I WANT YOUR HELP IN SOLVING A MYSTERY!
COMMISSIONER, THE CLOCK IN MY APARTMENT STRIKES THIRTEEN!
HADN'T YOU BETTER SHOW IT TO A CLOCK REPAIR MAN?
BUT IT'S IN A GLASS CASE! NOBODY HAS TOUCHED IT FOR MONTHS! AND I THOUGHT A GREAT CRIME EXPERT--
AH, YES! I'LL COME TO YOUR PLACE--SHALL WE SAY--AH--TONIGHT?
NUTS, DOLAN! YOU LET THAT GAZELLE CHARM YOU INTO A TWO-BIT INVESTIGATION--
NONSENSE, SPIRIT! IT HAS THE ASPECT OF A MOST UNUSUAL MYSTERY--JUST UP MY ALLEY! GOOD DAY TO YOU!
AHEM! WON'T NEED YOU TO DRIVE, CLANCY--AND I WON'T BE BACK TO THE OFFICE TONIGHT!
I SENSE A JAM AHEAD--WITH DOLAN WALKING INTO IT!

IN HERE, COMMISSIONER DOLAN..... WHAT LOVELY FLOWERS!
AWW....
FOR ME?--- OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ---
JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT--ER-- LIKE 'EM!
THIS IS THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK? IT LOOKS---HMM--- QUITE ORDINARY!
BUT WAIT UNTIL IT STRIKES THIRTEEN-- AN HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT!
WHY WAIT???
OHHHH!
YOU ARE BRAVE, COMMISSIONER--- DO NOT, FOR MY SAKE, BE RASH!
ONE SIDE, MY DEAR--THIS IS MAN'S WORK!
OWWW!
NOT SO FAST! AND NOT SO HARD!

@%#@*!!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS LABELLE! I'M HERE TO HELP!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D TAG ALONG!--
YES, BECAUSE YOU SEEMED HEADING FOR TROUBLE! WHEN I SLIPPED BEHIND THIS HANGING---
I FOUND THIS WIRE LEADING FROM YOUR CLOCK TO THE APARTMENT BELOW!
THAT'S WHERE THE THIRTEEN BELLS COME FROM! BUT WHY?
BEHIND THE CLOCK IS A SMALL POWERFUL BOMB! IF YOU TOUCHED THE CLOCK, IT WOULD GO OFF!
A PLOT TO MURDER ME!
BUT YOU DIDN'T TOUCH THE CLOCK, DID YOU?
OOO, I WOULDN'T HAVE DARED! I WENT TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
AND, BEING THE FAMOUS PERSON YOU ARE, ASKED FOR DOLAN HIMSELF, EH?
NATURALLY!!
OF COURSE, I AGREED---
YOU, DOLAN, COULDN'T RESIST A LADY LIKE MISS LABELLE! YOU'D COME HERE, AND --- DOLAN, THIS WAS A PLOT TO KILL YOU!

WHAT?!! WHY, I'LL GO DOWN THERE AND ---
WAIT! LET'S MAKE THEM CONVICT THEMSELVES! LEND ME SOME SCISSORS, MISS LABELLE!
THAT KEEPS THE BOMB FROM EXPLODING! NOW WHAT?
NOW WAIT UNTIL THIRTEEN O'CLOCK!
Hours pass --- midnight is gone, and then---
THIRTEEN BELLS!-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SPIRIT?
BONG
JUST A SOUND EFFECT! NOW GET READY!
BOOM!
Those who wait below hear the sound ---
THERE SHE BLOWS!
LET'S CHECK UP!
LIGHTS ON-- DOOR OPEN--
COME RIGHT IN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

WHAT---
WE WERE HOPING WE COULD GET A FOURTH FOR BRIDGE!
ARE YOU-- UH--- ALL RIGHT?
SURE!
THE CLOCK! DIDN'T YOU COME HERE TO-- TO EXAMINE IT? WE UNDERSTOOD-- ER---
WHY SHOULD WE? IT'S RUNNING ALL RIGHT!
SOMETHING MUST HAVE---
YOU BUNGLERS! YOU MESSED UP THE WHOLE BUSINESS! YOU---
THAT'S WHAT WE WERE WAITING TO HEAR! YOU ADMIT THERE WAS A PLOT!
YES--AND I'LL FINISH ALL OF YOU RIGHT NOW!
AGAINST THE WALL, YOU TWO!
HOW VIOLENT!
AND YOU! PUT DOWN THE CARDS-- THE GAME'S OVER!
JUST AS YOU SAY!

LIKE THIS?
THAT ONE'S GETTING AWAY! CATCH HIM!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
TALK, BEFORE I BREAK YOUR ##:-%o* NECK! OUT TO GET ME, HUH? WHY, YOU ---
HEY! LET GO! I'LL SPILL!
A COMMITTEE OF GANG BOSSES PAID US TO BUMP YOU, DOLAN! WE THOUGHT WE HAD AN AIRTIGHT SCHEME --
THE JAIL'S AIRTIGHT, TOO! CALL FOR THE WAGON, WILL YOU, SPIRIT?
AND, MISS LABELLE --- MAY I CALL AGAIN?
WHY, COMMISSIONER, OF COURSE!--
-- THE NEXT TIME THIS CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN!

JONESY

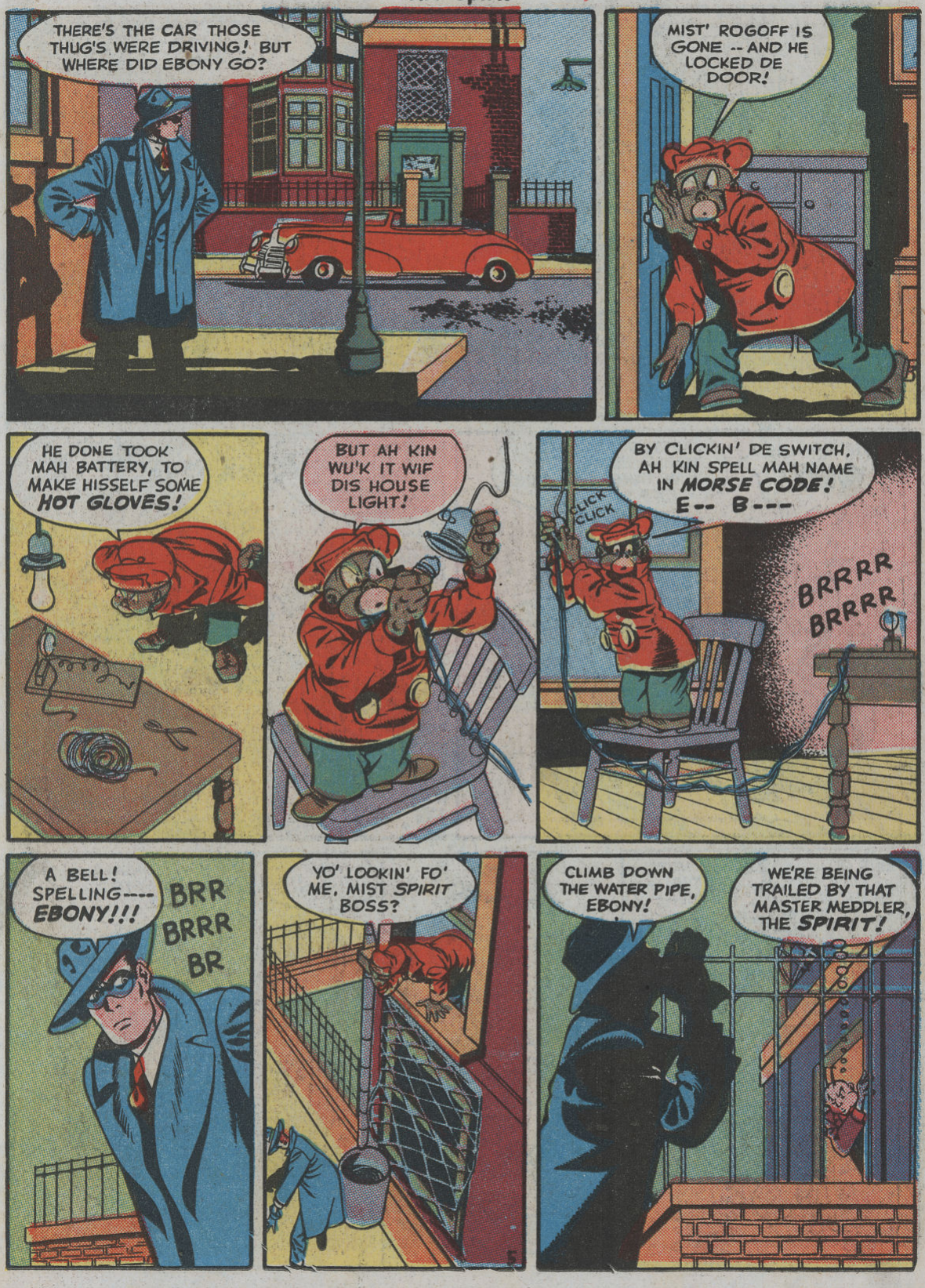
HMMM!
HMM!
WOW! HOW I'D HATE TO MEET ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS IN THE FLESH ON A DARK NIGHT!
MUSEUM
OR IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, FOR THAT MATTER! ... BUT THAT WAS MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO!
WHAT TH--?
ESCAPED RHINO FROM ZOO? ELEPHANT OR HIPPO, MAYBE? DINOSAUR? IMPOSSIBLE!
NO! NO! NO!
BUT THOSE TRACKS... AND IT'S GETTIN' DUSK ... DARK NEARLY ... AND THERE'S NOT MANY PEOPLE AROUND THIS SECTION... AND... AND...
?!
WELL, CLIP MY PANTS AND CALL ME SHORTY!
TRY EL BIMBO FOR BUNIONS
AT ALL DRUG STORES

The SPIRIT
By Will Eisner
ON THE EDGE OF FISH-FRY PARK, WHERE THE SPIRIT'S LITTLE LIEUTENANT, EBONY WHITE, MEETS SOME COLLEAGUES...
WHUT DAT YO' ALL GOT, EBONY?
MAH LATEST INVENSHUN! TELLS YO' WHUT KINDA WEATHAH DEY IS BEFO' YO' GITS OUTA BED!

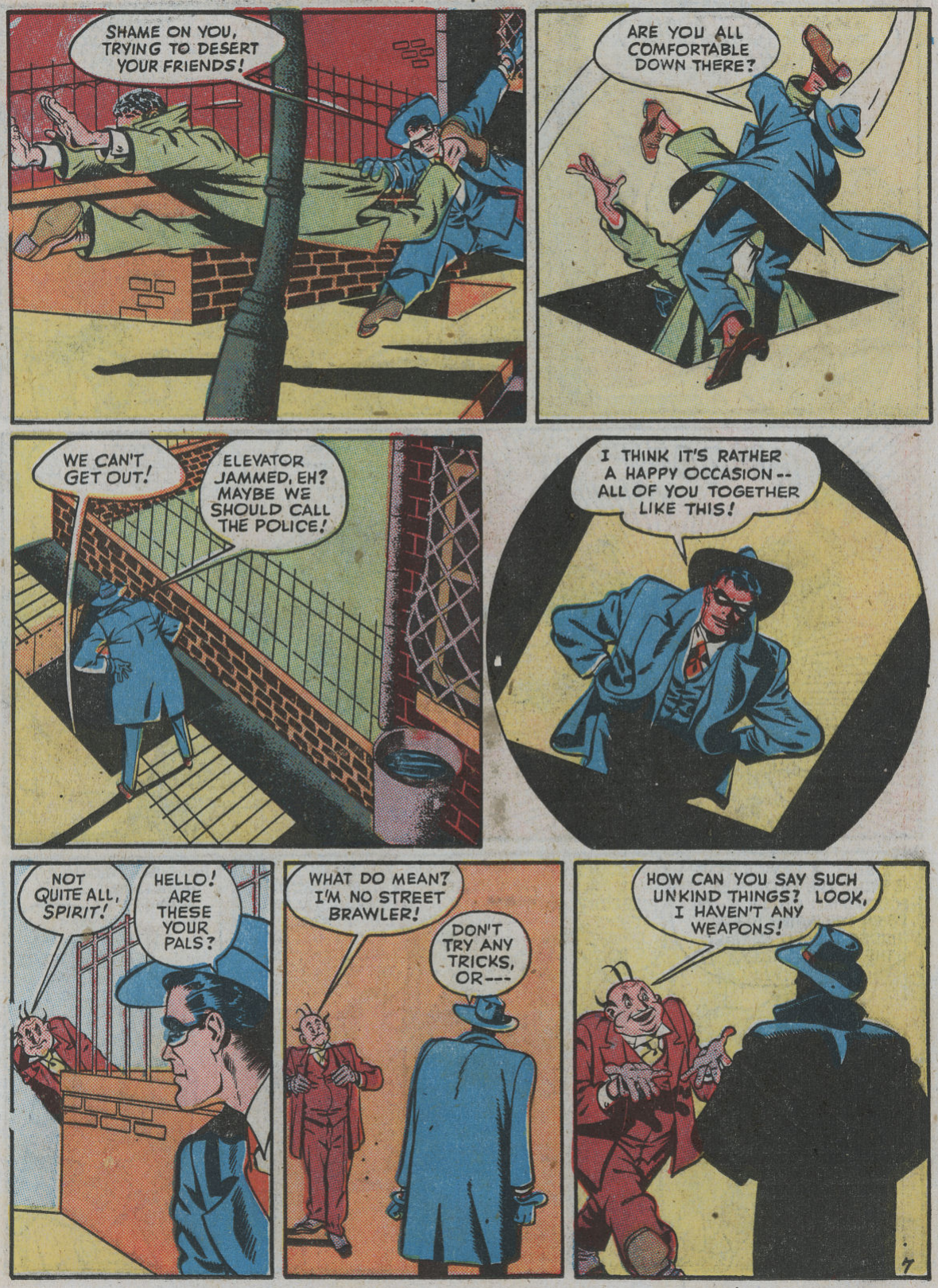
YO' STICK DIS OUT DE WINDOW--- WHEN IT RAIN, DE STRING GITS WET, AND DE LECKTRICITY IN DE BATTERY KIN TRAVEL ON DE STRING--
--DE LECKTRICITY RING DE BELL! YO' KNOWS IT'S RAININ', WIDOUT GITTIN' UP TO LOOK OUT DE WINDOW!
HO! HO! WHAFFO' YO' WAS'E TIME MAKIN' DAT MONKEY GADGET?
WAIT, BOYS!
YOU'RE LIKE MOST SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE! YOU DON'T KNOW A GREAT INVENTION WHEN YOU SEE IT!
YO'-- YO' MEAN IT'S GOOD, MISTUH?
IT'S VERY GOOD! COME WITH ME AND BRING THAT THING WITH YOU!
Y-YASSUH!
IS YOU EBONY'S MIST' SPIRIT BOSS, SUH?
RIGHT! WHERE IS HE?
A GEMMUN TOOK HIM AWAY SOMEWHAH-- SEZ EBONY'S A GREAT INVENTUH!
I WONDER WHO! AND WHY!
2
IS DIS WHEAH YO' LIVES, MIST'--MIST'--
MY NAME IS ROGOFF! NOW, LET'S DISCUSS YOUR INVENTION!
AFRICAN CLUBS - PRIMITIVE
HIGH POWER GUNS SLIGHTLY USED

SEE, MIST' ROGOFF? WHEN AH WETS DE STRING, 'LECKTRICITY TRAVELS 'CROSS IT!
YES, IT BECOMES A CONDUCTOR! BUT IF MANY THOUSAND VOLTS WENT THROUGH A CONDUCTOR--
WHY, AH SPEC' DAT MUCH WOULD KILL A CONDUCTAH -- OR A MOTAHMAN EVEN!
ENOUGH ELECTRICITY WOULD KILL MEN WHO NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS! COME HERE, SON! LET'S FIGURE!
SUPPOSE SOMEBODY HAD TWO ELECTRIFIED GLOVES--WIRED TO A POWERFUL BATTERY IN AN INSIDE POCKET---
DE CIRCUIT HAS TO BE CLOSED! YO' NEEDS A STRING WET WIF WATAH!
BLOOD -- IN LIVING BODIES-- ALSO CONDUCTS ELECTRICITY!
DAT SOUNDS SKEERY! WHUT'S YO' BIZNESS, MIST' ROGOFF?
CALL ME A CRIME ENGINEER! THESE GLOVES CAN BE WIRED-- AND YOUR BATTERY CAN BE CHANGED TO CARRY A KILLING CHARGE--
GOO'BYE! JEST REMEMBAHED A PRESSIN' 'GAGEMENT!
YOU'LL STAY HERE! HA-HA! I NEED A PROMISING YOUNG ASSISTANT!

YEAH, I SEEN A KID LIKE THAT -- WALKIN' WITH A SLICK DRESSED GUY --- THEY HAD A FUNNY LOOKIN' GIMMICK, AND THEY WENT THAT WAY!
NO SIGN OF EBONY, BUT I'VE SEEN THOSE FACES-- IN DOLAN'S ROGUE'S GALLERY!
ROGOFF LIVES IN THE NEXT BLOCK!
CALLING ON ME, GENTLEMEN!
YEAH, ROGOFF! YOU PLAN CLEVER JOBS, BUT WE TAKE ALL THE CHANCES! SO WHY SHOULD YOU TAKE SO MUCH OF THE DOUGH?
YOU SOUND EMPHATIC!
WELL, I MEAN WHAT I SAY! AFTER THIS, YOU GET ONLY THE SAME SHARE AS THE REST OF US, OR ---
DON'T BE HASTY, CHUM! SIT DOWN! LET'S TALK THIS OVER!
UGH!... GA-A-A-A!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I THINK YOUR SPOKESMAN IS RETIRING FROM BUSINESS-- PERMANENTLY!
ANY OTHER COMPLAINTS?
NO! NO! FORGET THE WHOLE THING!
4

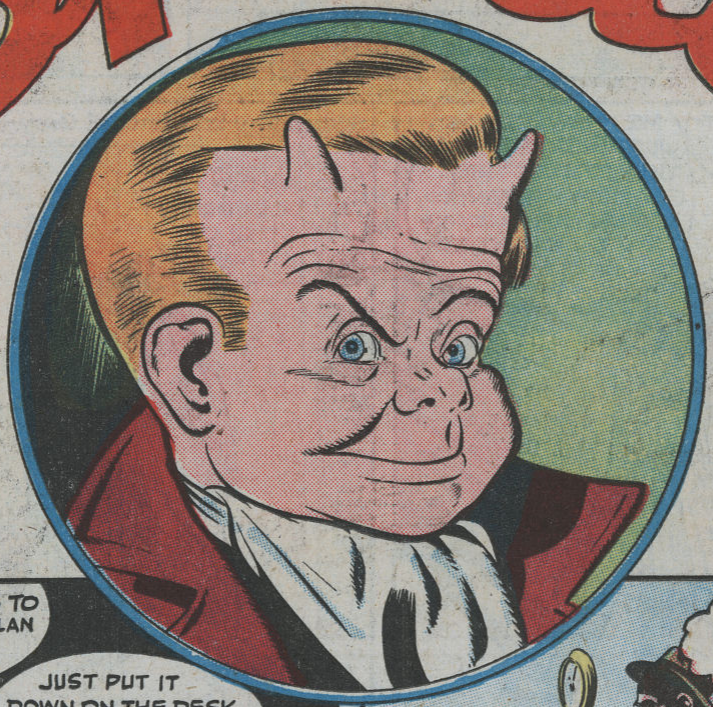

THERE'S THE CAR THOSE THUG'S WERE DRIVING! BUT WHERE DID EBONY GO?
MIST' ROGOFF IS GONE -- AND HE LOCKED DE DOOR!
HE DONE TOOK MAH BATTERY, TO MAKE HISSELF SOME HOT GLOVES!
BUT AH KIN WU'K IT WIF DIS HOUSE LIGHT!
CLICK CLICK
BY CLICKIN' DE SWITCH, AH KIN SPELL MAH NAME IN MORSE CODE! E-- B---
BRRRR BRRRR
A BELL! SPELLING---- EBONY!!!
BRR BRRR BR
YO' LOOKIN' FO' ME, MIST SPIRIT BOSS?
CLIMB DOWN THE WATER PIPE, EBONY!
WE'RE BEING TRAILED BY THAT MASTER MEDDLER, THE SPIRIT!

SMASH HIM!
THAT'S A BIG ORDER!
YOW!
ME MITT--- OW!
A LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE BREAD BOX MAY TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THE MITT!
TACKLE HIM, ALL OF YOU! BRING HIM INSIDE!
WE GOT YA COVERED, SPIRIT!
KIND OF IN THE MAJORITY, EH, BOYS?
YEAH! NOW ON THE LEVEL----
LET'S MAKE IT THE LOWER LEVEL!
CAUTION
SIDEWALK DOWN UP
ELEVATOR
WHAT THE--!!?
HEY! @%:-#?o!!! A BLASTED ELEVATOR!

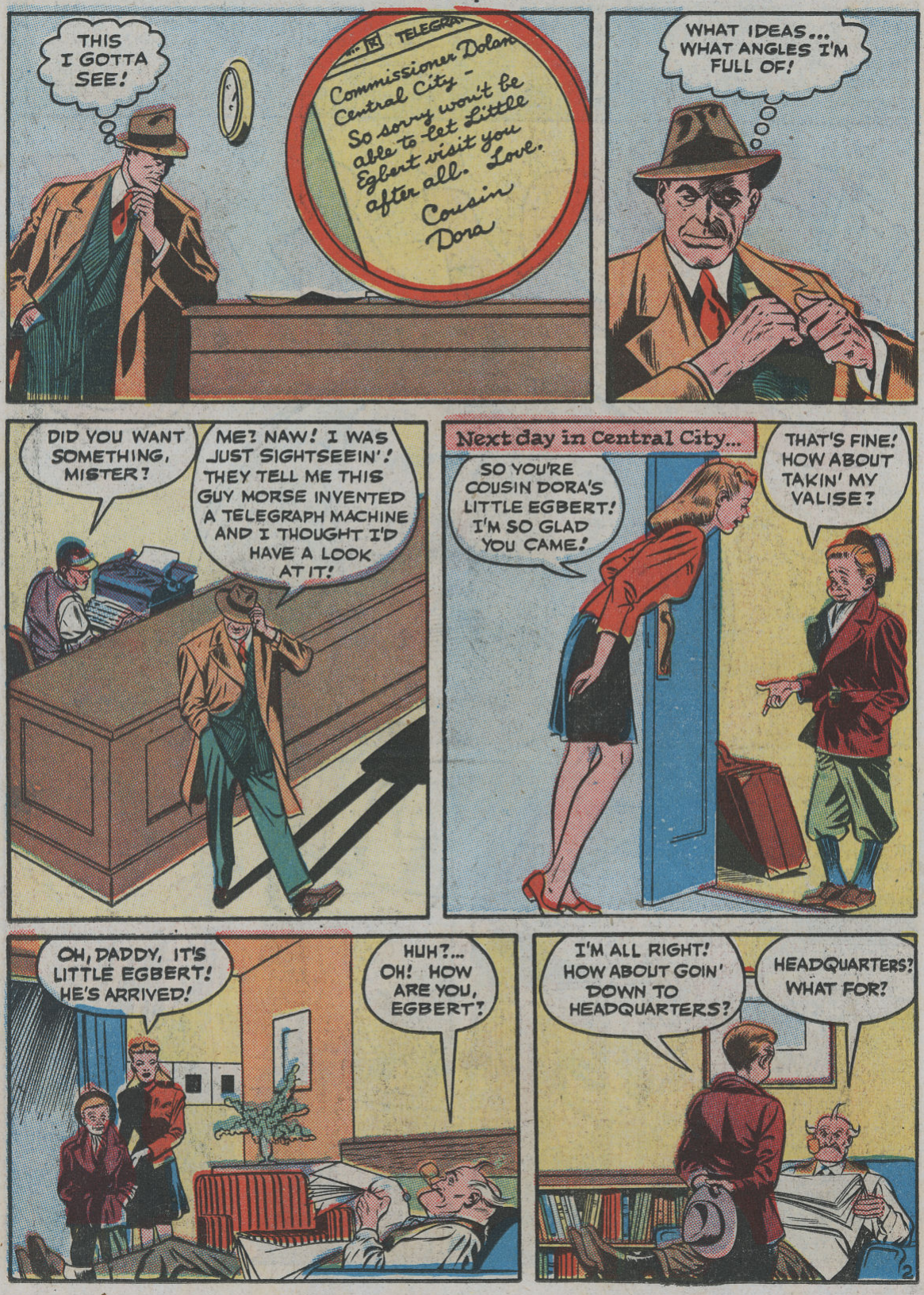

SHAME ON YOU, TRYING TO DESERT YOUR FRIENDS!
ARE YOU ALL COMFORTABLE DOWN THERE?
WE CAN'T GET OUT!
ELEVATOR JAMMED, EH? MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL THE POLICE!
I THINK IT'S RATHER A HAPPY OCCASION -- ALL OF YOU TOGETHER LIKE THIS!
NOT QUITE ALL, SPIRIT!
HELLO! ARE THESE YOUR PALS?
WHAT DO MEAN? I'M NO STREET BRAWLER!
DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, OR---
HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH UNKIND THINGS? LOOK, I HAVEN'T ANY WEAPONS!

LOOK OUT, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! HE'LL 'LEKTRIFY YOU!
HE GOT MURDER IN DOSE GLOVES! ONE TOUCH, AN'--
YOU TATTLING LITTLE HYENA! YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT!
AHAAAAA!
THE WATER KILLED HIM? DO YOU MEAN---
DON'T TOUCH HIS WET BODY -- OR IT'LL GIT YOU TOO!
I SEE! A DEVICE FOR DEATH! THE GLOVES WERE ELECTRIFIED OUTSIDE -- AND WHEN THE WATER SEEPED UNDER THEM IT CARRIED THE CURRENT TO HIM!
WE CAN CALL DE P'LEECE AT DAT DRUG STO'!
DRUGS
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S TOO FANTASTIC, EVEN FOR YOU, SPIRIT!
SEND OUT THE WAGON! HAVE THEM PICK UP ROGOFF'S BODY! HIS MEN ARE LOCKED IN THE CELLAR, AND THEY'LL EXPLAIN!
PRIVATE
COMMISSIONER DOLAN
PLANNING ANOTHER INVENTION, EBONY?
YASSUH! A NON-'LECTRIC ONE! AH'LL SELL YO' DE RIGHTS FO' A SODA!

The Spirit



PLEASE SEND THIS TO COMMISSIONER DOLAN IN CENTRAL CITY RIGHT AWAY!
JUST PUT IT DOWN ON THE DESK, LADY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT IN JUST A MOMENT!
CENTRAL TELEGRAPH SYSTEM
COMMISSIONER DOLAN?


THIS I GOTTA SEE!
TELEGRAM
Commissioner Dolan Central City - So sorry won't be able to let Little Egbert visit you after all. Love. Cousin Dora
WHAT IDEAS... WHAT ANGLES I'M FULL OF!
DID YOU WANT SOMETHING, MISTER?
ME? NAW! I WAS JUST SIGHTSEEIN'! THEY TELL ME THIS GUY MORSE INVENTED A TELEGRAPH MACHINE AND I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A LOOK AT IT!
Next day in Central City...
SO YOU'RE COUSIN DORA'S LITTLE EGBERT! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME!
THAT'S FINE! HOW ABOUT TAKIN' MY VALISE?
OH, DADDY, IT'S LITTLE EGBERT! HE'S ARRIVED!
HUH?... OH! HOW ARE YOU, EGBERT?
I'M ALL RIGHT! HOW ABOUT GOIN' DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS?
HEADQUARTERS? WHAT FOR?

SAY, LISTEN, I DIDN'T COME HERE TO WATCH AN OLD FUDDY-DUD LIKE YOU READIN' HIS PAPER! MY MOM SAID YOU'D SHOW ME HOW YOU COPS DO THINGS!
OH, SHE DID, EH? WELL, YOU CAN TELL YOUR MOM ---!
DADDY, HE'S ONLY A CHILD! IT WOULD BE A THRILLING EXPERIENCE FOR HIM!
LISTEN, IF YOU THINK ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TAKE THAT ---
OH, ALL RIGHT! COME ON, EGBERT!
THAT'S BETTER! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA BE A DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME!
WELL, THIS IS IT! CENTRAL CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
IT DOESN'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME!
OH, IT DOESN'T, EH? I'LL SPEAK TO THE MAYOR AND SEE IF WE CAN HAVE A NEW ONE BUILT FOR YOU!
HEY, FLATFOOT, Y'DROPPED SOMTHIN'!
HUH?
WHY, YOU LITTLE...!
CRASH!
OUCH!
GOODNESS! WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS THESE DAYS?
THUMP!

YUH LITTLE BRAT! I'LL TEAR YUH APART!
HEY, COMMISSIONER! TELL HIM WHAT YOUR DAUGHTER SAID ABOUT ME BEIN' ONLY A KID!
I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT, MURPHY! HE IS JUST A KID... EVEN IF HE DOES PLAY ROUGH!
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO, SIR!
AND THIS IS MY PRIVATE OFFICE! I HOPE IT MEETS WITH YOUR APPROVAL!
AW, IT ISN'T BAD... BUT IT WOULDN'T BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME IF I WERE COMMISSIONER!
COMMISSIONER DOLAN
PRIVATE
ANYTHING ELSE YOU DON'T LIKE AROUND HERE?
IF YOU'RE TALKING TO ME, DOLAN, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THOSE BLACKJACKS YOUR MEN ARE TOSSING OUT THE WINDOWS! ONE OF THEM KONKED ME!
PRIVATE
Y'MEAN THAT BLACKJACK REALLY HIT YOU, SPIRIT? HAW! HAW! ISN'T THAT A RIOT? IT WAS ONLY ONE OF LITTLE EGBERT'S PRANKS! KIDS WILL PLAY, YOU KNOW!
EEEEE-EE EEOWW!
YES, I CAN SEE THAT!
I'LL KILL HIM! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL MURDER HIM!
ONE SIDE, BUD! I'M ON MY WAY!
4

NO, I GUESS HE DIDN'T HIDE IN HERE!
QUITE A BOY, THAT! WHO IS HE?
MY COUSIN DORA'S KID!... AND I WISH I'D NEVER SET EYES ON HIM... AND WHAT'S MORE, WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS?
GRR-R!
COME ON, EBONY! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THIS IS NO TIME TO TALK TO THE COMMISSIONER!
SNIFF! SNIFF! DO YOU SMELL SMOKE, EBONY?
AH SHO' DO, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!... THERE'S A FIRE IN THERE!
SAY, THAT KID REALLY HAS A WAY WITH MATCHES!
HMMM!... LET'S SEE WHO THESE TWO BABIES ARE! THEY SEEM TO HAVE SURVIVED! HOLY HANNAH! THIS ONE LOOKS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW!
LOOK! OFFICER NOONAN'S DONE PASSED OUT!

SOMEBODY SLUGGED HIM! I WONDER WHY THEY PICKED THE SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S COMING OVER!
HUH? THE CITY TRUST COMPANY'S BEING HELD UP!
LOOKS LIKE EGBERT STILL THINKS THE COMMISSIONER'S CHASIN' HIM!
YES ...EGBERT CERTAINLY GETS AROUND!
FOLLOW THAT KID IN THE CAR!
WHOEVER LET HIM AT THE WHEEL? DOESN'T HE KNOW THERE'S A LAW AGAINST KIDS DRIVIN'?
I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH THAT KID, MISTER! HE'S A SPEED DEMON!
STEP ON IT! ... WE CAN'T LOSE HIM NOW!
≥GULP!≤ EGBERT'S LOST HIS HAID!
NO! ONLY HIS HAIR!
TRUST COMPANY
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!
6

LET'S GO, DANNY! DIDJA GET THE SWAG?
RIGHT IN THIS BAG! I GUESS YA FIXED IT SO THE POLICE ALARMS DIDN'T GET THROUGH, HUH, MIDGE?
I SURE DID, DANNY! THAT DOLAN WAS A CINCH TO HANDLE!
YI-YIPE! THE SPIRIT!
YEAH, I WAS GONNA TELL YUH ABOUT SEEIN' HIM... BUT DON'T LET HIM WORRY YUH? HUH?
THUD!
JUST A KID WHO WILL PLAY, EH, MIDGE?
AND TO THINK I ALMOST ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED YOU COLD WHEN I HEAVED THAT BLACKJACK OUT THE WINDOW!
AND JUST FOR FUTURE EMERGENCIES, LITTLE EGBERT THOUGHT HE'D BURN THE POLICE DOSSIERS ON HIMSELF AND HIS PAL DANNY!
I MIGHT'VE KNOWN THAT LITTLE MUG WAS TOO VICIOUS TO BE A KID!
YES, ELLEN? WHAT ... A WIRE FROM COUSIN DORA? SHE'S GOING TO SEND LITTLE EGBERT AFTER ALL? NO... NO... HE *ISN'T* ALREADY HERE ... I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! ...BUT YOU TELL HER TO KEEP HIM HOME...
AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH, WHY TAKE CHANCES?

THE SPIRIT
IN THE MOORISH SECTION OF CENTRAL CITY, A DEAD MAN LIES...
I'LL HAVE THE KILLER INSIDE OF AN HOUR! HE MUST HAVE BEEN A BIG BURLY OX TO SMASH THAT DOOR!
NOT EXACTLY, DOLAN!
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, SPIRIT?
THE DEATH DAGGER! IT'S OF THE HAMIDO SOCIETY--MADE UP OF ORIENTAL ARISTOCRATS!
THE KILLER WAS A CULTURED, MENTAL TYPE! --WHAT DID YOU SAY, ELLEN?
I SAID-- YOU AND DADDY ARE BOTH WRONG!

WELL, WHAT'S YOUR THEORY?
I WON'T TELL -- YET!
I'LL SOLVE THIS CASE MYSELF! AND SHOW UP BOTH THE BRILLIANT SPIRIT AND THE DISTINGUISHED POLICE COMMISSIONER!
EGAD, SPIRIT, SHE MIGHT DO IT!
MISS ELLEN MIGHT GET INTO BIG TROUBLE -- AN' MIST' SPIRIT BOSS MIGHT GIT EMBARRASED! EBONY WHITE'S GWINE GO KILLAH-HUNTIN' HISSELF!
FUST OFF, WRITE DOWN DE FACKS! BAILEY BEN, BIG RUG-DEALAH, GITS KILLED --- DOUBLE-LOCKED DO' BUSTED DOWN ---
HAMIDO SOCIETY KNIFE DONE DE JOB -- OH! OH! MEBBY BETTAH AH TAG ALONG AFTAH DE SPIRIT!
BUT THE HAMIDO SOCIETY IS HOLDING A SECRET MEETING!
I KNOW! I'M ATTENDING IT!
THE POLICE WANT TO TALK TO ONE OF YOU!
UNBELIEVING DOG!
CHARGE THE INTERLOPER!
WELL, WELL, WELL! THIS GENTLEMAN SEEMS TO BE WITHOUT A DAGGER!

YOU OTHERS STAY HERE! I WANT ONLY THIS SPECIMEN!
LOOKS LAK MIST' SPIRIT BOSS GOT WHUT HE WENT AFTAH! NOW AH'LL PICK UP DE LOOSE ENDS FO' HIM!
DAT PO' MIST' BAILEY BEN -- MEBBY AH OUGHTA GO TO HIS FUNERAL!
BUT FUST-OFF, AH BETTAH GIT DE RIGHT WEARIN' APPAH'L-- WHUT DESE ORIENTALS THINK IS ZOOT!
SECOND HAND CLOTHING
HOT DAWG! IF DE GALS COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW-- EBONY DE SHEEK!
DAT'S DE FUNERAL PLACE, AH RECKON!
EXACTLY THE TYPE I WANT!
WHUT DE---???
3

I'VE BROUGHT IN THE KILLER! WHERE'S DOLAN?
RIGHT HERE-- AND I'VE GOT THE KILLER!
I CAUGHT HIM IN AN OMAR STREET DIVE! HIS KNUCKLES ARE BRUISED WITH SPLINTERS! HE SMASHED THE DOOR---
BUT THIS MEMBER OF THE HAMIDO HAS LOST HIS KNIFE! HE'S GUILTY!
SPIRIT! YOU BUNGLER! I CAN PROVE THAT THIS BIG BRUISER IS GUILTY!
HOW OFTEN IN THE PAST HAVE I OUTGUESSED YOU, DOLAN?
THEY'RE FLYING THE COOP!
WHEN THE CATS DEBATE, THE MICE VACATE!
YOU SEE, IN A WAY, YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT-- AND BOTH WRONG!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
BEFORE WE GO INTO THAT, WHAT HAPPENED TO EBONY?
I DON'T KNOW -- I WONDER IF HE'S IN ANY DANGER!
AND AT THAT MOMENT--
FEAR NOT, LITTLE ONE! I'LL NOT HARM YOU IF YOU HELP ME!
WHUT'S YO' PROPOSITION?
I'M BAILEY BEN'S ONLY COUSIN -- MULEY BEN! YOU MUST HELP ME AVENGE HIS DEATH!
HOW'S AH GWINE TO DO DAT?

THEY'RE INSIDE! THAT WINDOW IS JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO CRAWL THROUGH ---
YO' AM SENDIN' ME IN DERE?
YES! AND BE SURE THEY ARE THERE! THEN THROW THIS BOTTLE -- IT'S FULL OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE!
NOSSUH! ... DAT AIN'T MAH SPESHULTY!
DO AS I SAY, IMP OF IBLIS -- OR I KILL!
OKAY -- BUT EASY WID DAT HACKSAW!
WE ARE SAFE, IN HIDING!
WE WAIT NOW FOR MULEY BEN!
HIS COUSIN'S FORTUNE COMES TO HIM! HE WILL DIVIDE IT!
YES, THREE WAYS! WE ARE ALL RICH!
AH GITS IT NOW!
YO' DONE PAID DEM TO KILL YO' CUZZIN--
SILENCE, LITTLE FOOL!

MULEY BEN! HE HAS THE LITTLE SPY!
YES--HE WAS GOING TO BOMB YOU!
INSIDE! WE'LL DISPOSE OF HIM AWAY FROM PRYING EYES!
NOT BEFO' AH TALKS!
DIS MULEY BEN FELLA WANTED ME TO BOMB YOU TWO GEMMUN!
AH! AND KEEP HIS FORTUNE TO HIMSELF!
NOT SO HASTY! THE BRAT TELLS A LIE TO SAVE HIMSELF!
AH HOPES DAT MIST' SPIRIT BOSS IS TRAILIN' ME!
WE'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE DISTRICT, AND NO SIGN OF EBONY!
WAIT! LET'S GO IN HERE!
CLOTHING
YES, JUST SUCH A LITTLE LAD BOUGHT CLOTHES FROM ME! HE SAID HE WOULD GO TO BAILEY BEN'S FUNERAL!
THAT'S AT THE MOSQUE UP THE STREET! COME ON, DOLAN!
THEY'RE COMING OUT -- AND EBONY NOT AMONG THEM!
BUT LOOK HERE!

EBONY'S CAP!
HE DROPPED IT TO WARN US! COME ON DOWN THIS ALLEY!
WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL AGAIN!
SHH! LISTEN!
KILL THIS BRAT OF THE EVIL ONE FIRST! THEN SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES!
THEY HAVE HIM IN THERE!
IT'S THE POLICE! IF YOU HARM A HAIR OF EBONY'S HEAD ---
THEY CAN'T FORCE THAT DOOR EASILY! MEANWHILE, WE'LL DISPOSE OF THEM!
THIS BOMB WILL DESTROY THEM UTTERLY!
LOOK OUT, SPIRIT!
WHEN I RETIRE FROM CRIMINOLOGY, I CAN BE AN OUTFIELDER!
WHEW!

DUCK, DOLAN!
THAT OPENS THE WAY FOR US! CHARGE!
I'M WITH YOU, SPIRIT!
WHO NEEDS YOU?
HERE'S MY SUSPECT!
HERE'S MINE!
AH LAYS CLAIM TO DIS ONE!
NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN? EACH OF YOU HAD A SUSPECT-- BUT ALL THREE WERE GUILTY TOGETHER! THAT'S WHY YOU WERE RIGHT--AND WRONG!
HUSH MAH MOUTH!
I DIDN'T LISTEN TO HER!
I WAS TOO STUPID TO SEE!
MARVELOUS! THE THREE WISE MONKEYS!

The Spirit

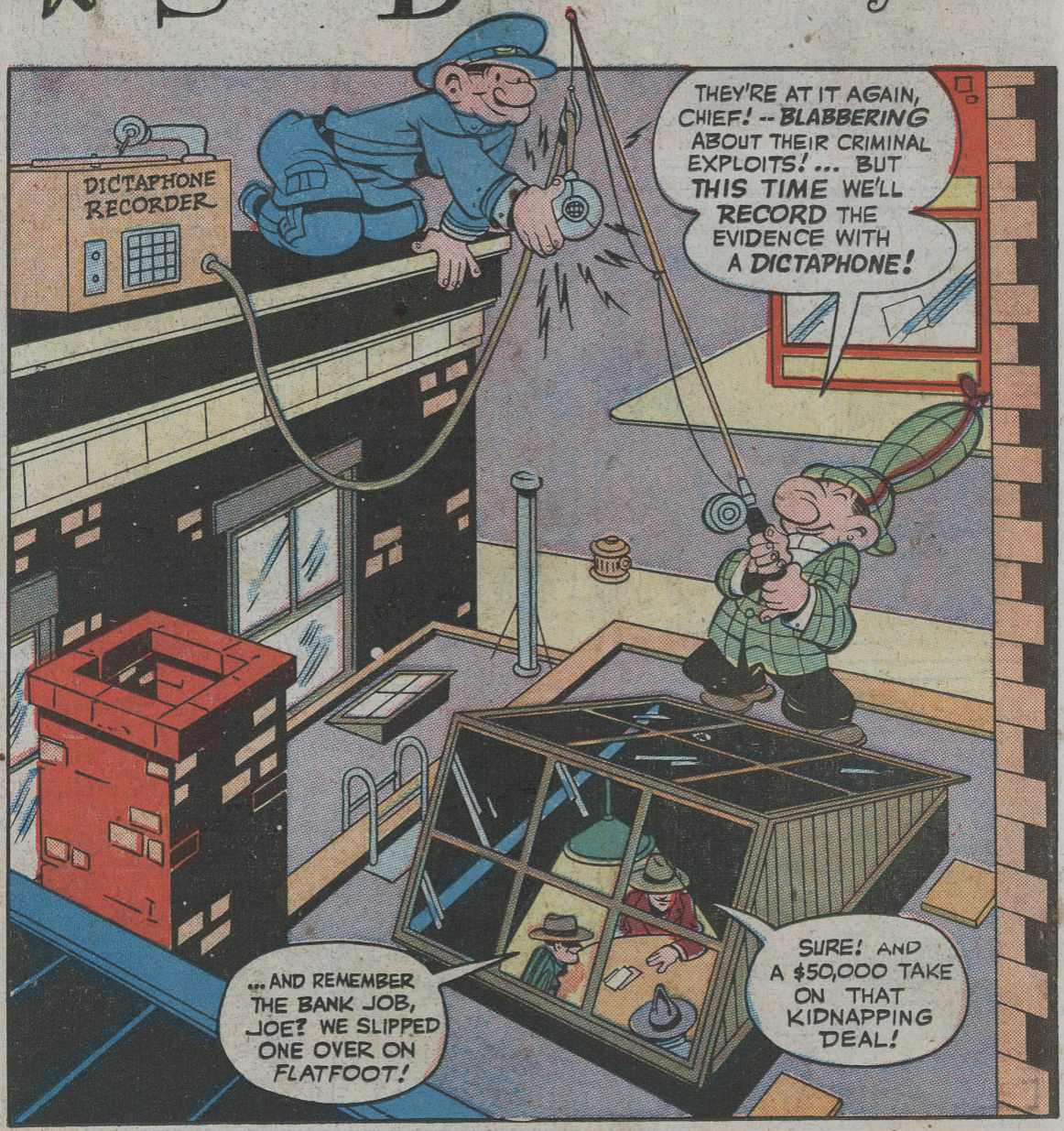
JONESY

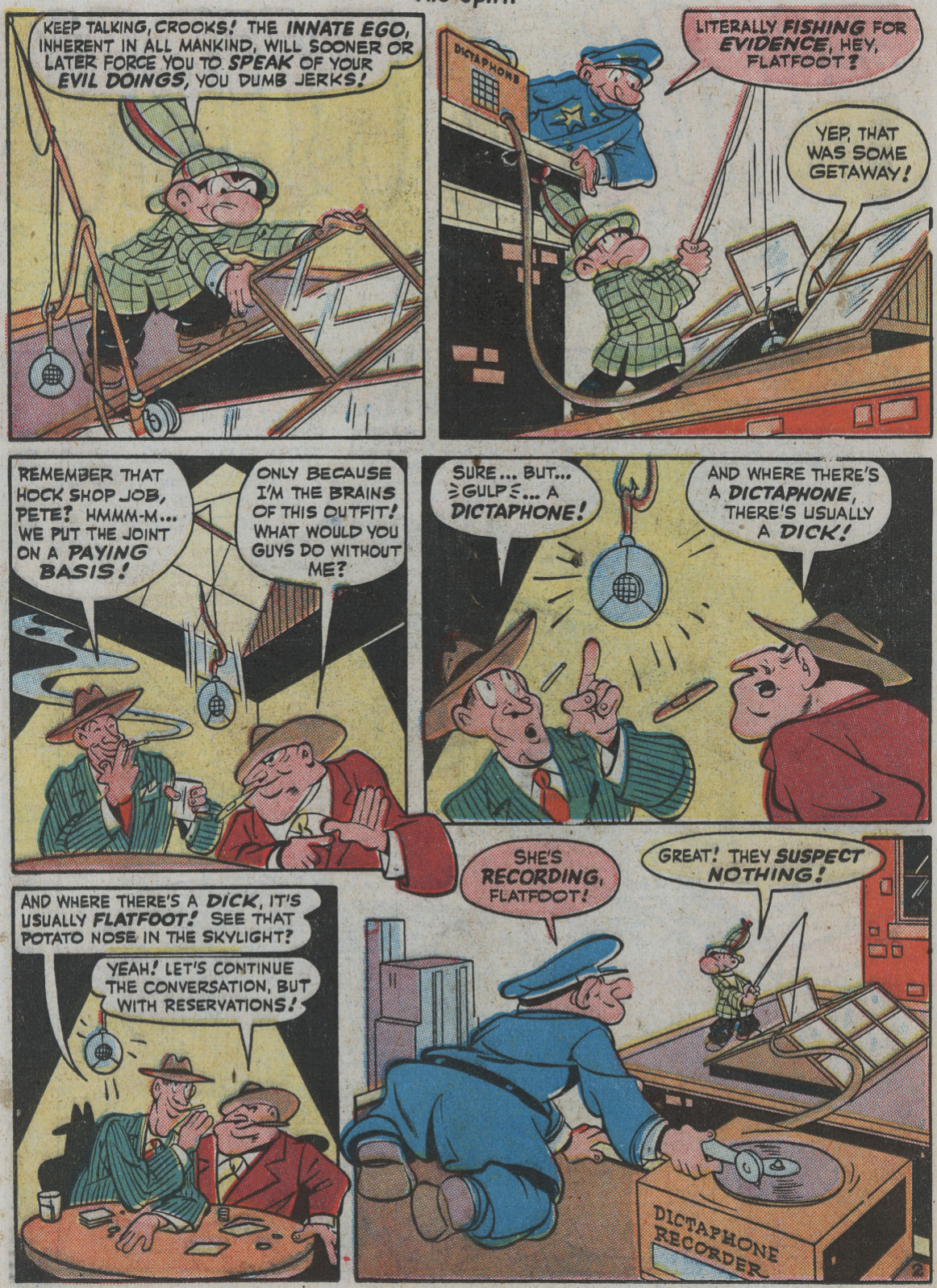
SAY, MA...
FOR GOODNESS SAKE, MARVIN... MUST YOU HANG AROUND THE KITCHEN WHEN I'M SO BUSY?
ONE SIDE NOW, PLEASE!
OKAY!
IF YOU MUST STICK AROUND THE HOUSE, FIND SOMETHING TO DO THAT'S OF SOME PRACTICAL BENEFIT!
WELL, I WAS FEELIN' KINDA FAGGED OUT, BUT....
SAY, THERE IS SOMETHIN' I CAN DO AT THAT.... FIX THE AERIAL ON THE RADIO!
THIS IS SOMETHIN' I DON'T MIND DOIN' AT ALL! THAT'S VERY PRACTICAL AN' BENEFICIAL!
YUP... WHILE MA PUTTERS WITH HER LITTLE KITCHEN PECCADILLOS, I'LL DO SOMETHIN' REALLY CONSTRUCTIVE AROUND THE HOUSE!
NOW I'LL STRING THIS WIRE HERE AND ...WONDER WHAT THAT FUNNY STUFF IS THAT MA'S COOKING FOR SUPPER!
GOULASH!

Flatfoot BURNS

★ Star Detective

by AL STAHL


DICTAPHONE RECORDER
THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN, CHIEF! -- BLABBERING ABOUT THEIR CRIMINAL EXPLOITS! ... BUT THIS TIME WE'LL RECORD THE EVIDENCE WITH A DICTAPHONE!
...AND REMEMBER THE BANK JOB, JOE? WE SLIPPED ONE OVER ON FLATFOOT!
SURE! AND A $50,000 TAKE ON THAT KIDNAPPING DEAL!

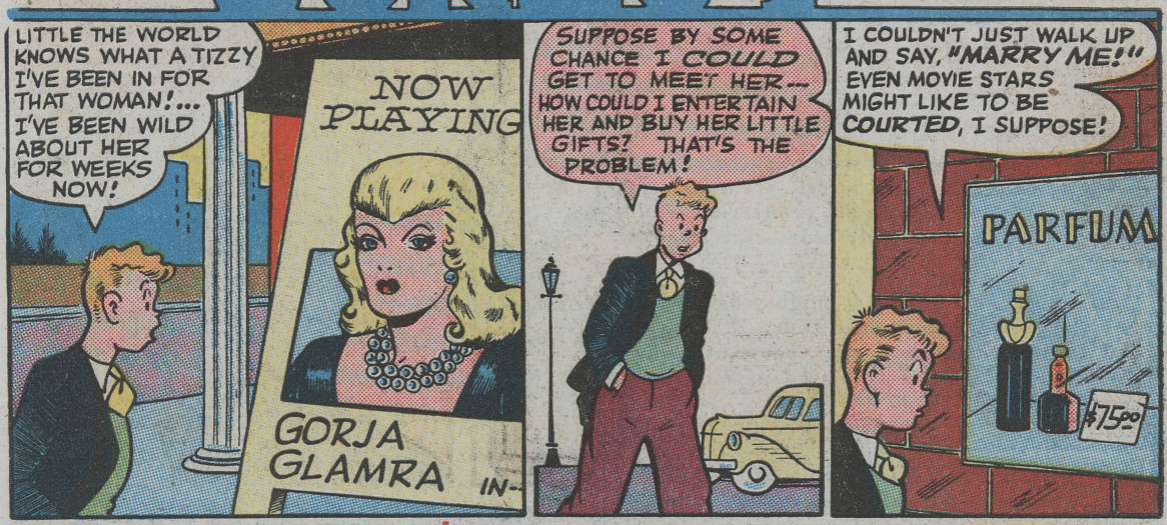

KEEP TALKING, CROOKS! THE INNATE EGO, INHERENT IN ALL MANKIND, WILL SOONER OR LATER FORCE YOU TO SPEAK OF YOUR EVIL DOINGS, YOU DUMB JERKS!
DICTAPHONE
LITERALLY FISHING FOR EVIDENCE, HEY, FLATFOOT?
YEP, THAT WAS SOME GETAWAY!
REMEMBER THAT HOCK SHOP JOB, PETE? HMMM-M... WE PUT THE JOINT ON A PAYING BASIS!
ONLY BECAUSE I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT! WHAT WOULD YOU GUYS DO WITHOUT ME?
SURE... BUT... GULP... A DICTAPHONE!
AND WHERE THERE'S A DICTAPHONE, THERE'S USUALLY A DICK!
AND WHERE THERE'S A DICK, IT'S USUALLY FLATFOOT! SEE THAT POTATO NOSE IN THE SKYLIGHT?
YEAH! LET'S CONTINUE THE CONVERSATION, BUT WITH RESERVATIONS!
SHE'S RECORDING, FLATFOOT!
GREAT! THEY SUSPECT NOTHING!
DICTAPHONE RECORDER

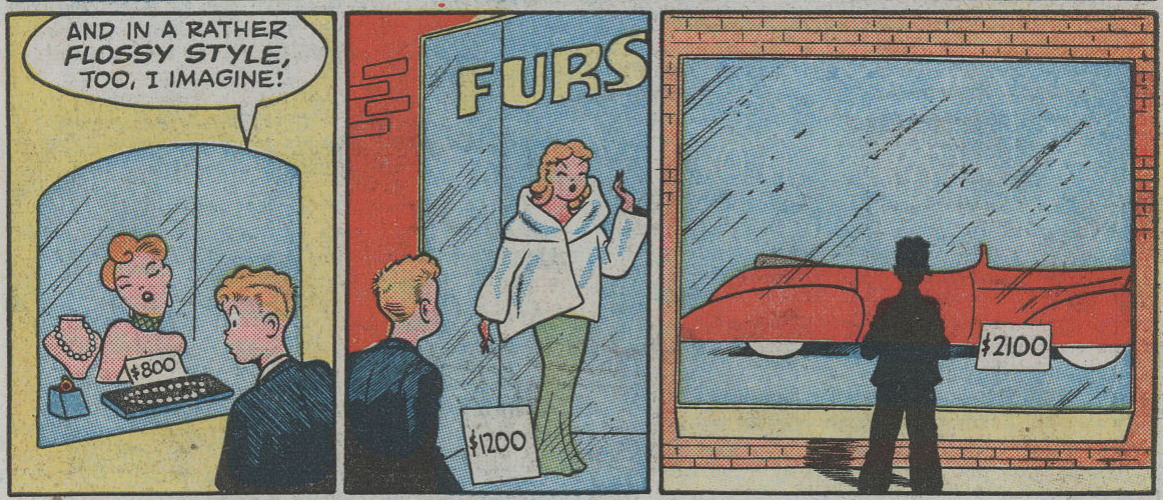
WHAT AN IDEA! IMAGINE HAVING ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON A RECORD TO SEND CROOKS UP FOR 50 YEARS!
DICTAPHONE RECORDER
At Police Headquarters...
SHHH-H, CHIEF! HERE WE GO!
DICTAPHONE RECORDER
ON THE BANK JOB, WE POLADAST THE SAFER-CRAM WITH A BULABOMB ON A DOMASOP EXOCLUD SUNNY SIDE UP!
HA-HA-HA!... DOUBLE TALK! THE CROOKS OUTSMARTED YOU AGAIN!
...AMATAS A REMOTICK!
HMF! THE DOUBLE-CROSSING DOUBLE-TALKERS!
I'LL HAVE THIS THING DECODADOMED --I MEAN DECODED YET!
WANTED
DICTAPHONE RECORDER
UNIVERSITY OF ENGLISH
PROFESSOR SYLLABUS
AH, MR. BURNS, I'M HONORED BY YOUR VISIT! DID YOU WISH TO DISCUSS SHAKESPEARE, SHELLEY, KEATS --?
ER... WELL...
---NOT EXACTLY, PROFESSOR! BUT I DO HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM IN DOUBLE TALK THAT NEEDS SOME UNSCRAMBLING!
MY WORD-- WHAT?
DICTAPHONE RECORDER

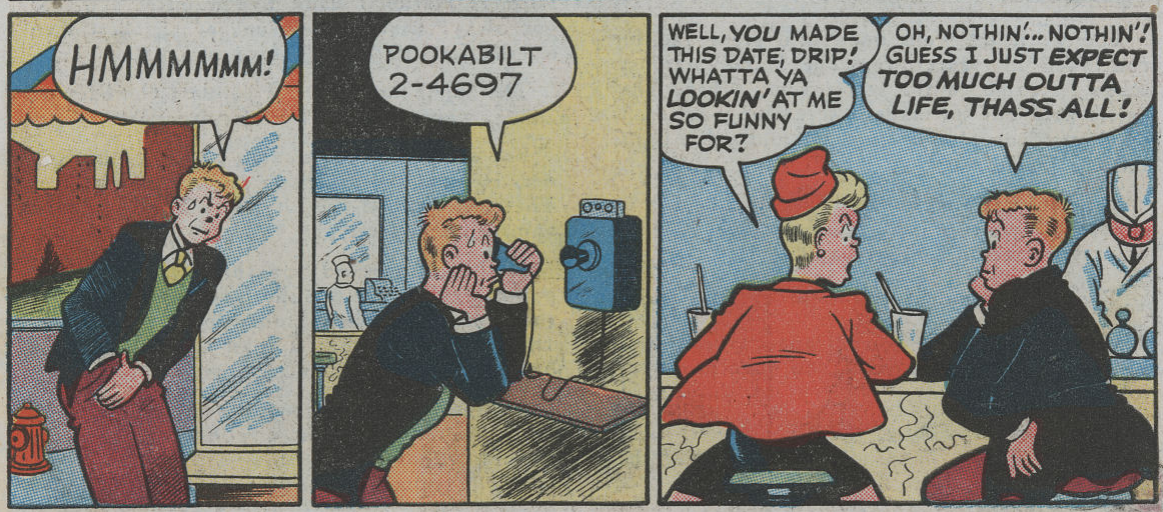
AMAZING, SIR!..... A VERBAL ACCOUNT OF ANCIENT ARCHAIC BASELESS ENGLISH - 1300 B.C.
WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
WE TOOK THE DOUGHASFOM AMSCRAYED WITH OTTAMOS SPEDISIS IMMEDIATES AMTIS OKIS...
HUH?
DOUBLE TALK, YOU SAY! THIS PRICELESS DOCUMENT BEGINS A NEW ERA IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE! I SHALL WRITE A NEW BOOK!
B-BUT, PROFESSOR, I ----- GOSH!
HA! BASICALLY DERIVED FROM AN EARLY ROMANCE LANGUAGE IN THE PUPPY LOVE STAGE! ALL SYLLABLES ARE REVERSED AND SPOKEN BACKWARDS!
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY THAT BEFORE? I'LL PLAY THE RECORD BACKWARDS AND GET SOME SENSE OUT OF THIS THING!
ANCIENT LANGUAGES
HMF! THAT'S BETTER!
THE BANK JOB WE PULLED ON MONDAY NIGHT! ...GEE, BOSS... DID WE FOOL FLATFOOT!
DICTAPHONE RECORDER
WA'IT TILL THE CHIEF HEARS THIS!
YOU'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE, FLATFOOT! GREAT!... I'LL RECOMMEND A SENTENCE OF 15 YEARS AT HARD LABOR!
ER--- CHIEF...
YOU'D BETTER CHANGE THAT TO 15 YEARS AT THE UNIVERSITY! PROFESSOR SYLLABUS WANTS SOME HELP ON HIS NEW BOOK... AND... ARE YOU LISTENING, CHIEF? CLICK! CLICK!

JONESY

BY DIB


LITTLE THE WORLD KNOWS WHAT A TIZZY I'VE BEEN IN FOR THAT WOMAN!... I'VE BEEN WILD ABOUT HER FOR WEEKS NOW!
NOW PLAYING
GORJA GLAMRA IN--
SUPPOSE BY SOME CHANCE I COULD GET TO MEET HER-- HOW COULD I ENTERTAIN HER AND BUY HER LITTLE GIFTS? THAT'S THE PROBLEM!
I COULDN'T JUST WALK UP AND SAY, "MARRY ME!" EVEN MOVIE STARS MIGHT LIKE TO BE COURTED, I SUPPOSE!
PARFUM
$75.00




HMMMMMM!
POOKABILT 2-4697
WELL, YOU MADE THIS DATE, DRIP! WHATTA YA LOOKIN' AT ME SO FUNNY FOR?
OH, NOTHIN'... NOTHIN'! GUESS I JUST EXPECT TOO MUCH OUTTA LIFE, THASS ALL!

The SPIRIT TURNS CROOK

EBONY WHITE shivered as he hurried along the edge of the Wildwood Cemetery in a drenching rain. It wasn't merely the rain that made Ebony shiver. After all, cemeteries aren't the choicest spots for lively lads—especially at night.

But Ebony White had a mighty important mission. Police Commissioner Dolan of Central City, a couple of miles distant, had sent Ebony to rouse The Spirit, who resided in Wildwood Cemetery.

The Spirit, Ebony's sidekick, was a close friend of Commissioner Dolan's, and an even closer one of Dolan's daughter, Ellen.

Ebony stumbled and splashed through puddles of water as he sought to keep his bearings. Suddenly, with a shudder, he leaned against the glistening bole of a tree. Over the sound of the downpour, he had heard something not far away. It was a low moan!

Ebony clung hard to the wet tree and his eyes rolled like marbles. The moan came again, and this time it was closer!

Shivers crept up Ebony's spine, and he began praying in a whisper. The moan became a cough, and then something big and black came lurching out of the shadows of a tomb. It lurched right past Ebony and crashed into a clump of bushes. And then he knew what it was—old Farmer Deen's ancient hunting dog, who couldn't bark but used a sort of moan when he was hot on the trail of a possum or 'coon.

Ebony's heart went back into place and he continued his search for The Spirit. At last when he came to the secret tomb where The Spirit held out he made a scratching noise on the brass door. Slowly it opened and a dim light showed inside.

"Come in, Ebony," said The Spirit. "I was expecting you. What's Commissioner Dolan want with me on a night like this?"

The Spirit grinned at his dusky little pal.

Ebony said, "How you all guess ever' time I gets me a mission for you? You doan never let me tell you nohow."

"That's right, Ebony," said The Spirit, "and I mean to stop it. Takes all the kick out of the errand, eh?"

Ebony nodded and fell to on a piece of cold pork and a bowl of hot bean soup from the Spirit's larder.

Soon afterward, in Commissioner Dolan's private office, The Spirit found a chair and put his feet on his friend's desk. Dolan grinned.

"Well, boy," he said, "we got us a job this time. Want to listen?"

"All ears," replied The Spirit.

"The Hood's in town."

"Yeah?" The Spirit pricked up his ears. "Who said so?"

"Last night we followed up an anonymous tip," Dolan said. "Didn't see The Hood, but we picked up a lot of evidence that he's actually in town."

"Well, that makes everything just ducky," said The Spirit. "Guess we'd better nip him before he hatches any little scheme, eh?"

The commissioner leaned closer. "It never takes The Hood long to hatch something, lad. He's working on some crooked stunt right this minute."

The Spirit stood up. "Then the sooner we grab him, the better."

The phone rang and Dolan picked it up. He listened a moment, then clapped the instrument into its cradle.

"We're too late! The Hood stuck up the Farmers National Bank five minutes ago and got away! Shot Barney, one of the best men on the force!" Dolan's face was grim.

The Spirit nodded. "I'll be close behind you, Dolan, when you put out the dragnet!"

But the police didn't catch The Hood in their net. He was too smart to stick in a hot spot. The cops combed the city, but The Hood had vanished completely.

Nothing happened for three days. Then a pay-roll messenger was shot and robbed of more than one-hundred-thousand dollars. Two eye-witnesses swore that a man wearing a hood had shot him down and escaped.

Things were quiet again for several days, while undercover men circulated among the underworld figures, bribing stool pigeons and offering "protection" to certain ones who "knew

something." But they learned nothing; The Hood seemed able to cover up completely, trusting no one. Evidently he had no confederates.

If he captured The Hood, The Spirit wanted to take him alive. But he figured that he would have to use more subtle methods than the police had tried.

For several days and nights The Spirit roved the dim places of the city's underworld, in a perfect disguise. He was the image of a hard-bitten gangster. He talked as such characters do. He was on a par with the worst, or best, of them.

He made little headway until the evening of his last day as a mobster. He was sitting at a table in a smoky dive when a small, wizened figure slipped into the seat across the table.

"Want to make a few coppers, bo?" asked the newcomer.

The Spirit shook his head. "Naw. Not in pertic'lar. Why?"

"Just wondered. I happen to know a guy who's plannin' a sweet job. You an' me could pull that job—mebbe."

"Mebbe," said The Spirit, without any show of interest. "I ain't aimin' to get my neck in again—not just after bein' sprung."

The little man grinned. "This ain't like that, bo. This is a cinch. But it takes brains. You look like you got them. Me, I just know how to handle the soup. Wanta hear more?"

The Spirit wanted so badly to hear more that he could hardly contain his impatience. But he held it down. Somehow he felt this was it. Maybe—a long chance—Hood might be mixed up in it.

He said, "If it's like you say, pal, I might lissen a little."

The little man leaned forward with a rapt expression. "You don't know who I am and I don't know you. That makes it better. But the guy I work for—or used to w[illegible]or—is a high mucky-muck in certain circ[illegible]e did me dirt, see? I aim to even up. You want the low-down?"

"You're soundin' better all the time, pal," said The Spirit. "Mebbe we'd better get outa here first."

They went outside and sauntered along the dark street.

"I got me a flop down here," said The Spirit.

They turned into a dark alley and The Spirit fumbled with a key in the lock. Then he pushed open the door.

When the two separated that night, it was all settled. They were to crack a safe for a fat payroll the following Tuesday night.

They met that night at the rendezvous and immediately headed for the office they were to plunder. The little man was happy. He gloated about working a fast one on his former boss.

When they reached the door of the office, the little man bent quickly with a ring of skeleton keys, and a moment later the door was open. Inside, he handed The Spirit a small, powerful electric drill, taking the plug to a wall outlet. Then he came back and stood behind The Spirit as the latter got the drill adjusted.

"Just a small hole, bo, and we'll fix the soup. She'll be a snap!"

The Spirit glanced at the tiny mirror he had concealed in the palm of his hand. Like a snake he whirled and snatched the revolver as the butt was about to bash in his head.

"No you don't! Not this time! You see, I spotted your game just when you wanted to put me on the spot—only I did it with mirrors!"

It was over in a moment. The Spirit tied up his man and dialed Commissioner Dolan.

"I've got him, Commissioner," he said. "It was a cinch. The hood's in his pocket. Lucky I carried a mirror in mine!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of THE SPIRIT, published quarterly at Buffalo N. Y. for October 1, 1947

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE SPIRIT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, William E. Eisner, 37 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

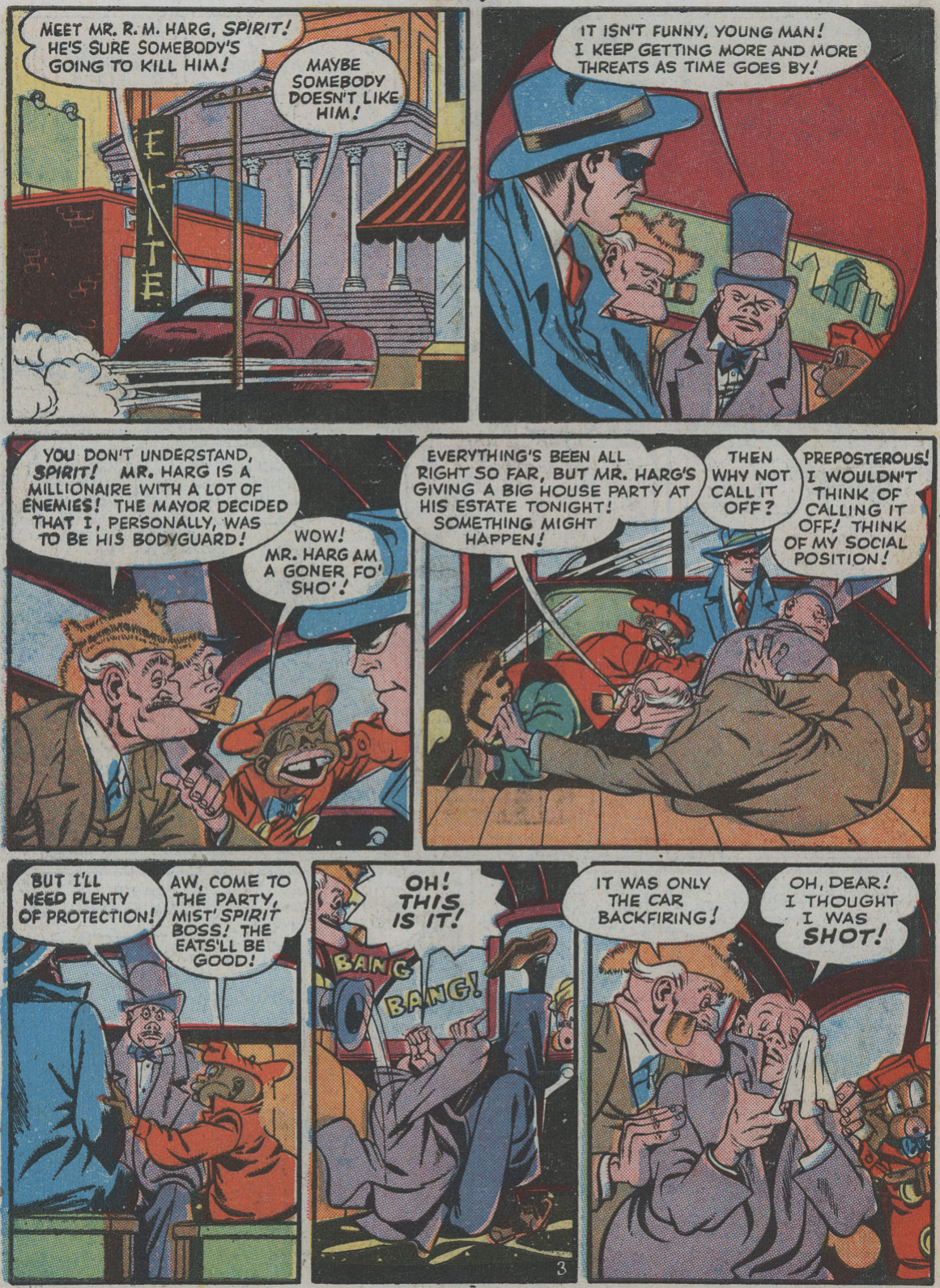
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1947.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

The Spirit

I'VE GOT IT! DOLAN'S HIS BODYGUARD!
BOO!
OH!... IT'S YOU!
WHOM DID YOU EXPECT?
CERTAINLY NOT YOU! YOU'RE NEVER AROUND WHEN I NEED YOU!
MEANING THAT YOU NEED ME NOW?
COMMISSIONER DOLAN, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S DANGEROUS STANDING HERE?
YEAH... YEAH... SURE! WE'RE LEAVING!
COME ALONG, SPIRIT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
COMIN', COMMISSIONER!
2


MEET MR. R. M. HARG, SPIRIT! HE'S SURE SOMEBODY'S GOING TO KILL HIM!
MAYBE SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE HIM!
ELITE
IT ISN'T FUNNY, YOUNG MAN! I KEEP GETTING MORE AND MORE THREATS AS TIME GOES BY!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SPIRIT! MR. HARG IS A MILLIONAIRE WITH A LOT OF ENEMIES! THE MAYOR DECIDED THAT I, PERSONALLY, WAS TO BE HIS BODYGUARD!
WOW! MR. HARG AM A GONER FO' SHO'!
EVERYTHING'S BEEN ALL RIGHT SO FAR, BUT MR. HARG'S GIVING A BIG HOUSE PARTY AT HIS ESTATE TONIGHT! SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN!
THEN WHY NOT CALL IT OFF?
PREPOSTEROUS! I WOULDN'T THINK OF CALLING IT OFF! THINK OF MY SOCIAL POSITION!
BUT I'LL NEED PLENTY OF PROTECTION!
AW, COME TO THE PARTY, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! THE EATS'LL BE GOOD!
OH! THIS IS IT!
BANG
BANG!
IT WAS ONLY THE CAR BACKFIRING!
OH, DEAR! I THOUGHT I WAS SHOT!
3

THE OLD BUZZARD! IT'D SERVE HIM RIGHT IF SOMEBODY DID PLUG HIM! THIS LIZZIE BACKFIRES BECAUSE HE WON'T SPEND THE DOUGH TO HAVE THE CARBON *CLEANED OUT OF THE ENGINE! YET HE'LL SPEND FIFTY GRAND FOR A PARTY TO KEEP UP HIS FRONT!
YOU DON'T LIKE HIM, EH?
LIKE HIM? I HATE HIM! I WISH HE WERE DEAD!
MIST' SPIRIT BOSS, DAT CHAUFFEUR MAN AM A SUSPECT!
EXCELLENT DEDUCTION, MY DEAR EBONY!
THAT NIGHT AT THE HARG ESTATE ...
HARG THINKS HE CAN SOFT SOAP ME BY INVITING ME TO HIS ANNUAL BRAWL! THE HEEL SWINDLED ME OUT OF TWENTY THOUSAND LAST WEEK!
THAT'S NOTHING! HE DROVE ME OUT OF BUSINESS COMPLETELY!
I SAW HARG'S THIRD WIFE, THE OTHER DAY! SHE SAID IF SHE DOESN'T KILL HIM, IT WON'T BE FOR LACK OF TRYING!
THAT'S FUNNY! HIS FOURTH SAID EXACTLY THE SAME THING!
THERE GOES HARG, THE TWO-FACED HYPOCRITE! I HATE THE SIGHT OF HIM!
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE! BUT HE THROWS SWELL PARTIES!
AFTER ALL I'VE HEARD, IT SEEMS A MIRACLE HARG REACHED HIS PRESENT AGE!

Later THAT NIGHT...
WHO'S FOR A SWIM IN MY NEW HUNDRED-FOOT POOL?
I AM!
COUNT ME IN!
YOU GOING SWIMMING TOO, DOLAN?
OH!... YOU'RE HERE!
I'LL BE DISAPPOINTED IF NOBODY EVEN TRIES TO KILL HIM AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE THE MAYOR'S GIVING YOU!
DON'T SAY THAT! HARG WAS THE LARGEST CONTRIBUTOR TO THE MAYOR'S CAMPAIGN FUND! IF HARG'S KILLED ... BRR-RR!
WELL, MAYBE IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE CATCH THE MURDERER!
STOP IT, SPIRIT! YOU TALK AS IF HE WERE DEAD ALREADY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU SISSIES? THE WATER TOO COLD FOR YOU?
YOU BET IT IS!
HELP! HELP! I---I--- ARGH-H-H!
OH-H-H! IT'S HAPPENED!

LEND A HAND HERE!
THE POOR CHAP'S DEAD!
BUT HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
THAT REMAINS TO BE DISCOVERED!
LET'S TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS AND GET A DOCTOR!
SEE THAT NOBODY TOUCHES THE BODY, DOLAN! I'M STAYING DOWN HERE FOR AWHILE!
I'M SUNK!
MIGHT AS WELL! I'M WET ANYWAY!
HOLY JUMPIN' JEEPERS!
PUFF!
PUFF!
WHEW!... THAT WAS CLOSE!
HMMMMMMMM! VERY INTERESTING!
BZZ... BZZZ!
OF COURSE... I'LL BE GLAD TO!
6

NOW... LET'S SEE! WHO FIRST TOUCHED HARG'S BODY WHEN I DRAGGED IT OUT OF THE WATER?
THAT MAN ... COULD YOU TELL ME WHO HE IS ... AND WHAT HE DOES?
OH, THAT'S JORGENSEN! HE'S SOME SORT OF SCIENTIST! NICE CHAP! SPENT YEARS IN THE TROPICS!
JORGENSEN! I'VE HEARD OF HIM! HE'S A FAMOUS ICHTHYOLOGIST!...
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. JORGENSEN!
ER ... HOW DO YOU DO?
JUST AS I THOUGHT! ... A FLESH-COLORED POWDER!
THERE! THE POWDER COMES OFF, AND THERE'S THE BLOTCH!
THAT'S THE DISCOLORATION I'D EXPECT!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR SHOOTING, NOW, MR. JORGENSEN! WE'VE GOT YOU!
BANG!
7

YOU CAN PINCH HIM, DOLAN! HE'S YOUR MAN!
OKAY! BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME DOWNSTAIRS, I'LL EXPLAIN!
FIRST WE'LL DRAIN THE WATER OUT!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
THAT DID THE ACTUAL KILLING! A "MAN O' WAR"... A POISONOUS TROPICAL JELLYFISH!
JUMPIN' CATFISH!
NO... JELLYFISH, DOLAN! YOU SEE I KNEW HARG WAS ALL RIGHT WHEN HE WENT INTO THE POOL! HE SEEMED TO HAVE SEEN SOMETHING IN THE WATER ... ONLY WE COULDN'T SEE IT BECAUSE THE "MAN O' WAR" IS THE SAME COLOR AS THE WATER...
WHEN I JUMPED IN LATER TO LOOK AROUND, IT ALMOST GOT ME TOO! I KNEW THAT ALMOST EVERYBODY HATED HARG AND ANYBODY WAS A SUSPECT, SO I TRIED TO REMEMBER WHO HAD TOUCHED HIM WHEN I FIRST DRAGGED HIM OUT!
JORGENSEN HAD EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT... HE PRETENDED HE WAS GOING SWIMMING AND SLIPPED THE "MAN O' WAR" INTO THE WATER WHEN HARG WAS ALONE IN THE POOL!
THIS IS THE CONTAINER HE BROUGHT THE "MAN O' WAR" DOWN IN! THEN HE SMEARED A FLESH-COLORED POWDER OVER THE BLOTCH WHICH THE "MAN O' WAR'S" POISONOUS SECRETION LEAVES ON THE BODY!
WHAT WAS YOUR MOTIVE, JORGENSEN?
BECAUSE THERE WAS NOTHING IN IT FOR HIM, HARG INFLUENCED SEVERAL RICH MEN NOT TO BACK A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION I WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE TO THE ANTARCTIC! THIS WAS MY REVENGE!

"U.S." ROYAL
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!

SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!

U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!

U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER...THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!

AMBUL'ANCE

FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.

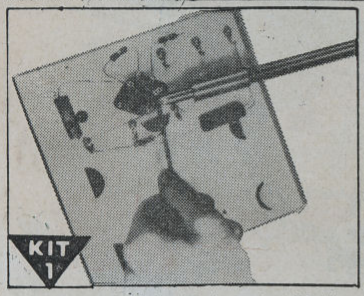
"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING...SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...MAXIMUM MILEAGE...SURE TRACTION...PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH IT'S SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

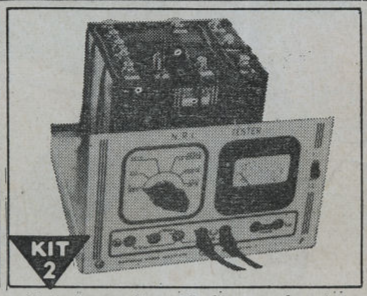
U.S. BIKE TIRES
America's Fastest Selling Tires
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

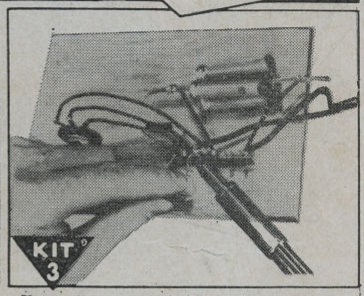
I Send You Big Kits of Radio Parts



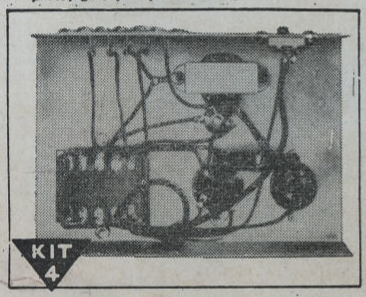
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



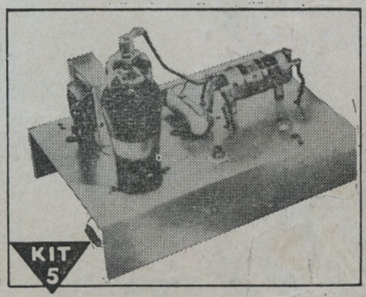
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



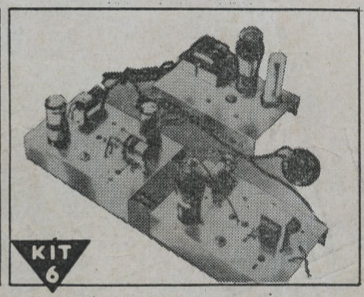
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—*Win Success*

I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even *greater* opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

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